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My Aunt From Boggsville

INTERLUDE IN ONE ACT

BY

RICHARD L. GREEN

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Short *Spanish Dance* at curtain by FANNY.

AT FINISH OF DANCE.

FANNY—

Well, I guess that will do; a few more hours of practice and I will have brushed up my Dancing sufficiently to be featured by my Manager as the MODERN CARVETIA. He tells me that he will need a little money to boom me in the papers, so I have written to my aunt in BOGGSVILLE. She's got plenty of it, and has always been stagestruck, and as I expect her here very soon, I'll go and change my wardrobe, and when she gets here I'll try and get her to put up the necessary cash, which always helps to pave the road to success.

Exit.

Crash outside. Music and entrance of PAMELIA, the aunt, with bundles, band-boxes, etc.

IVY—

"Jumping beeswax!" What do you think you're doing? Dumping a ton of coal? I asked the clerk to show me to room 1004. He put me into a little cage; a boy pulled the string and shot me up to the *roof*. I hunted for room 1004 for half an hour, and then the chambermaid told me it was on the story *below*. I tried to *walk* down the marble stairway, but my heels slipped from under me and I do believe I've fractured my ver-miform appendix, as old Dr. Zeb. Skinner used to say.

I guess I aint *broke* nothing, though—not even the Sabbath.

Enter—FANNY (in Jockey costume): Sakes alive—a Man!

(IVY about to rush out.)

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FANNY—

Well, if it ain't PAMELIA. (Embraces her.)
(Bizz. of PAMELIA dropping all bundles.)

PAMELIA—

How you scairt me in them togs. I thought you were a real *man*.

FANNY—

Let me take your things, auntie, and make yourself right at home; everything is on the social order here, in the Bunker Hill House.

PAMELIA—

Oh, I knew it was some kind of a bunco house as soon as I got in. I asked for a room, and the clerk showed me a big book that was mounted on a wheel of fortune on the counter, an' he gin it a twist. Says he: "Put your name down." Says I: "No you don't, Mr. Bunco; I've heard of you to home at Boggsville. You can't find out *my* name and then try and flim-flam me out of my wallet. My brother Seth Huckins knows a thing or two, and *he* told me all about Boston and them buncom Steers I'd be likely to meet there."

Then says he again: "Put your name down here on this register, or you'll get fired." Then *I* got all-fired *mad* and says I: "*You* can't put me out. I've come here to meet my niece, whose an actor, and I'll bet six shilling there ain't a *man* among you that dare tackle *me*."

FANNY (laughs)—

Did they take you up?

PAMELIA—

No, but the elevator boy *did*; so here I be.

FANNY—

Well, auntie, I am in need of a little money, and knowing that you have always been anxious to go upon the stage, I thought I'd get you to put up a few hundred dollars into a little theatrical venture I have got on hand. My desire is to enter Vandeville and do a sketch with your assistance. Sit down, and I'll show you just one of my little dances, to give you an idea.

(FANNY does Skipping Rope Dance and *off*.)

Ivy applauds—

Ain't she spry? Puts me in mind of Himram's Jones' cow. *She* could take a 4-barred gate and think nothin' of it.

Well, I'll show her what her old auntie can do. Just cut me off a yard of ribbon.

(Ivy sings a song.)

(At finish of song FANNY enters in Chinese costume.)

FANNY—

Why auntie, I never thought you could sing as good as that.

Ivy—

Oh, I don't know; don't forget that the older the instrument the more mellow the sound.

(FANNY laughs, while Ivy says:)

But, gracious goodness, what are you going to do in that crazy quilt rig, child?

FANNY—

Why, auntie, The Ching-My-O, or Realistic Dance of the Heathen Chinee. I will ask you to help me out in this. You will find the necessary wardrobe inside. Watch me and do just as I do.

(Chinese dance, first half; second half enters Ivy and beats *tom-tom*, and burlesque finish of dance.)

Ivy—

Excuse me of that Heathen Chinese business. I don't like it nohow. Let's try something within the bounds of civilization.

FANNY—

All right, auntie.

THE SMOKEY MOKES FINISH AND OFF.

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